

T H E
LEWES NEWSMENS'
NEW YEAR'S VERSES,

For the YEAR 1788,

Humbly addressed to all their worthy MASTERS and MISTRESSES.

STERN Winter's blasts begin to blow,
While fast descends the fleecy Snow.
Come, pile the chearful Fire on high,
To thaw these Rigours of the Sky.
Th' inclement Air quite bites us through,
It chills the Blood and Senses too,
And makes *Sue's* Nose look black and blue.
Now then's the Time for *Christmas* cheer,
Good, fat roast Beef, and humming Beer,
'Twill warm the Blood, and Senses clear.

"NAN, where be you got?
"Come, hang up the Pot,
"And lay down the Beef to the Fire.
"You loiter and dream,
"Like an Ox in a Team:
"Move faster, I beg and desire.
"Mind oil too the Jack,
"If you find that it lack,
"And let it run merrily round:
"I am sadly afraid,
"You're as idle a Jade
"As any on Earth to be found.

"Come stir your lazy Stumps, I say,
"Or we shall never dine To-day;
"The NEWSMEN too 'll be here anon
"And nothing have to feast upon;
"If thus like *Age* you will stand still,
"You *must* and *shall* go to the MILL."*

In such *civil* Terms did a Tradesman's good
Wife,

Act the Part of a Shrew quite up to the Life,
She'd bustle and work like a mad, little Thing,
But her Clack, when 'twas up, would make
the House ring.

Women *will* still employ their Tongues,
It is of Service to their Lungs,
Gives to the Blood a brisker Flow
And helps 'em in their Stomachs too.

Kind Sirs, behold your NEWSMAN's here,
To drink your Healths in *Christmas* Beer,
With Fingers so benumm'd with cold,
He scarcely can his JOURNALS hold;
Bemir'd with Dirt and spent with Toil
By walking many a dirty Mile;
Like a poor Pilgrim loaded hard;
But this he don't at all regard,
If you but with a *Boon* dispense
To animate his Diligence.
Your Kindness gratefully he'll own,
Tho' Gratitude's so seldom shown,
'Tis rising in his humble Soul,
Like sparkling Punch in Christmas Bowl.
May *Peace* and *Plenty* long abound,
And all your Days with Joy be crown'd:
Long may you live, and long attend,
To be the GRATEFUL NEWSMAN's Friend.

* A FORESTER'S MILL TO GRIND OLD PEOPLE YOUNG.